THE JEWEL CASKET.

Handkerchief holders are still carried.

Children's rings of colored enamel are new.

Ladies' vest chains are designed for the new fashions.

A tiny gold yacht on a sea of olivine waves is a new device.

Padlock and key bracelets are always in demand for gifts of significance.

Buckles enameled similar to bowknots in imitation of ribbons have been introduced.

Ear wires are of gold and intended to hold earrings where the ears have not been pierced.

Cigar cutters for men of luxurious tastes are of gold and platinum and set with precious stones.

Slender rings, with open heart shaped forms in small stones and diamond knots, are new designs in rings.

Black onyx hatpins, round and pear shaped, polished and unpolished, are provided for the different stages of mourning.

Sapphires round and oblong are seen in plain gold rimmed settings of dead gold. It is a quaint, old fashion and very distinguished.

In very formal society black enameled bangles are worn as complimentary mourning. Black enameled flowers are sometimes attached to these.

Gentlemen's vest buttons come in sets of four, colored, chased, enameled and set with precious stones. Those made to order have the crest or monogram.

Metal bandeaux enameled to simulate black watered ribbon are worn in mourning. They are fastened on top by a bowknot. Fillets of jet and dull black are also worn.

Fob chains of onyx, unpolished and polished, are worn in mourning. Small sectional chains of onyx connected by gold links are very pretty, but are not worn in first mourning.

Tiaras have become almost common during the season. The Mary Stuart coif in gold network with pearls and diamonds is one model. An interesting tiara was made of large clouded pearls accenting forms described in small diamonds.—Jewelers' Circular.

EXPOSITION ECHOES.

Michigan will expend $12,000 to $15,000 on its forestry exhibit, and $4,000 to $5,000 on its display of fruits.

George M. Vickers, of Philadelphia, has written a centennial anthem for the Columbian exposition entitled "Columbus."

The Princess Louise of Lorne is engaged upon a bust of her royal mother, Queen Victoria, which will be shown at the World's fair.

It is now the intention to have in the Fisheries building a restaurant devoted as far as possible to the exclusive serving of fish. Fish dinners, and fish, fresh and salt, served in every edible style, will be a popular feature.

Invitations to foreign nations to send representatives to the exercises dedicatory of the exposition buildings, next October, have been issued by the committee on ceremonies and have been forwarded to their destinations by Secretary of State Blaine.

In the Electricity building there will be 40,000 panes of glass, or more than in any other exposition structure. This building will be especially conspicuous at night, as, owing to its extensive glass surface, the brilliancy of its electrical exhibit will be strikingly visible from the outside.

Mr. Stickler, one of the World's fair commissioners from Germany, has in his possession the original sword carried by Christopher Columbus at the time of his discovery of America. The sword belongs to the Museum of Salzburg, Germany, and has been lent for exhibition at Chicago in 1893.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

Alexander Dumas is very orderly, and his intimate friends frequently find him in his shirt sleeves, feather duster in hand, cleaning his study.

England's favorite artist of the present day, L. Alma-Tadema, is a man of Dutch parentage, for he was born in Friesland, and is the son of a notary.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is what might be called a medium blond; her hair, which is unusually frizzy, is generally worn in a Psyche knot; her eyes are gray.

George Moore, the novelist and essayist, very greatly resembles Emile Zola. They both have hair so very red that no one can compare with them in that regard unless it be Swinburne.

Theodor Hery-Garten, the author of "Through the Redlitten Windows," is the nom de plume of Mrs. De Mattos, a first cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson and sister of Professor R. A. M. Stevenson, the lecturer and art critic.

Karl Krone, who is in real life the Danish authoress, Thekla Juel, has just published a new volume of short stories. Although written in the language of her country, the stories have been translated into French, German, English and Italian.

Mrs. Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, author of "Jinrikisha Days," was unanimously elected secretary of the National Geographical society at its annual meeting recently held in Washington. This is the first time a woman has held a position of such honor.

A Great Shock.

First Chappie—Deah me, old boy, how extwaordinary pale you look! Have a bwacer with me?

Second Chappie—Thanks, awfully, old fel. Give me a cig and a seltzer, ye knaw. What dweadful things happen! I was out strolling with Miss Van Twiller, ye knaw, and I made a howible discovery that her bonnet pin didn't match her bonnet. Waitah, open the window and give me air.—Truth.

Why He Staid Home.

Dashaway—I thought you said you were going to Chicago on a pass. Didn't you get it?

Travers (sorrowfully)—Yes. But I couldn't get one to come back with.—Truth.

FORE GLEAMS.

Sometimes when at twilight hour
Dark clouds o'er the fair sky tower,
Through one rift of soft, deep light
Gleams the fairest star of night.
And we know that far and near
Hidden stars are shining clear.

Sometimes when the woodlands deep
Lie in winter's silent sleep,
Through the stillness floats along
One bird's sweetest, loftiest song;
Then again may memory hear
Myriad bird notes, sweet and clear.

So through sorrow's shadowy night
Breaks a gleam of hopeful light;
So sweet flower of faith doth bloom
Oft within doubt's fields of gloom,
And through silences of pain
Echoes oft some heavenly strain.
—Exchange.

HER LITTLE JOKE.

Miss Jocelyn is looking out of the window. It is a drenching day, and there is nothing to be seen but the garden, with its heavy headed roses drooping under the downpour, and the village street beyond, now fast becoming a rapid water course.

"I call this the dullest place in existence," says Miss Jocelyn half aloud, "the very dullest."

She does not finish her sentence, but turns to the massive pier glass to look at the reflection of herself—a handsome girl in a smart frock. After one glance she turns back to the window with a sigh.

"What's the use? One might as well wear sackcloth trimmed with ashes in this place for all the people there are to see one's gowns. It was much more fun at school after all.

"Why"—suddenly craning forward—"if that isn't that frumpy little Miss Blake with Mr. Stanford, and he is holding his umbrella over her. She has got his arm too. I wonder how he likes it. Poor man—I wonder if he ever notices whether a woman is old and plain or young and pretty!

"Now he's gone splash into a puddle, and she is actually looking up at him and blushing and laughing. Oh, what a joke! Fancy her blushing! Why, she must be forty if she's a day—quite forty. And those little curls bobbing about as she goes!

"I wonder if her sister makes her wear her hair like that. I wonder if she is in love with him? Poor old soul!"

Mr. Sanford is a curate, but he is a man first and afterward a cleric. Strong, manly, gentle, he plays cricket with the village boys, is ready to gossip for a few moments with the old gaffers, is a member of the debating society as well as of the rowing club.

But Miss Jocelyn is young, and is not yet able to grasp more than the fact that she is better looking and better dressed than most of the girls whom she knows.

So to her Ruth Blake is a ridiculous sight, and Mr. Stanford's quiet courtesy, which he would extend just as readily and pleasantly to his washerwoman, is a "good joke."

She watches them part at the Misses Blakes' little green gate, and thinks she can see Miss Ruth's upward glance and smile at the fine face above her before Mr. Stanford turns and comes striding and splashing back through the puddles.

Then, having nothing else to do, Miss Jocelyn plans a pretty little piece of mischief, which she promptly sets about carrying out. She has one gift, this handsome Miss Jocelyn; she is very skillful with her pen, and, after a little practice, can imitate almost any handwriting.

And now she remembers that there is in the study a letter of Mr. Stanford's to her father, and her eyes sparkle with delight.

"What fun to send poor old Miss Blake a love letter! Perhaps she has never had one. It will be a kindness, positively! How she will blush and simper—silly old thing! Well, serves her right! When there are so few young men in a place, what business have old maids strolling about with them under umbrellas?"

* * * * * * *

"Miss Cornelia's a-lying down, Miss Ruth. She have one of her bad headaches, and she says as how no one is to disturb her. And your tea is ready and waiting, miss."

Ruth Blake turns into the prim little dining room, seats herself upon one of the straight backed chairs and begins to draw off her brown cotton gloves.

She is an odd little figure, small and slim, and dressed in a hideous, antiquated plaid, with shades of glaring blue and green; yet her fair hair—which the wind and rain have ruffled and made to look like a halo about her meek, small face—the patient curve of her lips and her slightly flushed cheeks, render her appearance not altogether unpleasing.

She eats her simple tea quickly, glancing from time to time at a book which she has propped up against the milk jug—a book Mr. Stanford mentioned incidentally one day, and which she had obtained from the village library.

The next morning Miss Ruth gets a letter. She knows the handwriting on the envelope before she opens it.

"Parish matters, of course," she says to herself. "Perhaps it's about the school treat."

She opens the envelope, unfolds the note within and is reading it slowly, when suddenly she utters a low cry, her breath comes fast and the familiar world about her grows in a moment strange and unreal.

For it is a love letter. She is thirty-three and this is her very first.

And from such a man—the man whom she has looked up to and reverenced and followed so humbly and modestly ever since she first saw him! She goes down to breakfast with a flushed face, quivering lips and radiant eyes.

"Miss Cornelia's just on the ramp this morning, miss," says the little maid warningly as she meets Ruth in the narrow passage that does duty for a hall.

Miss Ruth nods and smiles as if this were the pleasantest intelligence possible. Cornelia's diatribes this morning fall upon heedless ears.

Ruth answers at intervals, "Yes, dear," and "No, dear," and "I will see to it, sister," as in duty bound; but her heart and soul are filled with one thought—that wonderful letter.

After breakfast Miss Cornelia goes out to visit her district. Then Miss Ruth takes up her pen and writes tremblingly out of the fullness of her heart:

DEAR MR. STANFORD—Your letter has surprised me very much. I scarcely know what to say, except that I am most grateful to you. It is so good of you to love me as you say you do, and love has always seemed such a beautiful thing to me, though I never thought that it was likely to come to either my sister or me. But I am very, very glad to have had your letter, and shall always be so, even if you change your mind, for, indeed, I am not worthy of all the kind things you say of me. Still, whatever happens, I shall always feel happy to know that you once thought as you have written. And I beg you will think the matter over well. Though it seems impertinent of me to advise you, yet I think only of your good. And I am always your faithful friend. RUTH BLAKE.

She reads the letter over several times, and then shakes her head.

"How poorly I have said it!" she thinks. "But he is so kind; he will understand that I mean well."

The curate, when he receives the gentle, humble epistle, is filled with dismay. He paces wildly up and down his small sitting-room.

"Somebody has played a cruel, heartless trick upon that poor little woman, and I have to face her and tell her so. I would rather be shot!"

He drinks his scalding tea in great gulps, and is glad of the pain it causes him.

"But what am I to do! Go and tell a woman—a kind, gentle, little lady—coarsely and brutally to her face that she has been played with and insulted; that I never dreamed of loving her; that it is impossible for me to do so? Oh, cruel and cowardly! How can I strike a gentlewoman, or, indeed, any woman, such a blow as that?"

He rests his head upon his hands and groans.

After awhile he reads the letter over again slowly. He reads between the lines and seems to see a soul laid bare before him. She loves him, and he realizes how much that means to her. What a new flood of light has been poured suddenly upon that sad, unselfish life!

And there is no help for either of them. He must do it? Well, then, let it be done at once.

Mechanically he takes his hat down from its peg and goes out into the street, walking with his head bent down, seeing nothing, hearing nothing until he is close to the little green gate; then a child's clear, high voice reaches his ear.

"My grannie made it," she says. "Ain't it pitty?"

"It's a beautiful doll," a gentle voice answers. "Is it a good baby?"

"Welly dood," the child says, tucking the rag doll under one chubby arm. "Dive me a wose, please!"

Miss Ruth plucks one of the few remaining June roses, one of the prettiest, and puts it into the little outstretched hand.

As she turns to look after the child Miss Ruth sees Mr. Stanford and pauses shyly. Something has to be said, so he comes forward.

"What a lovely evening!" he exclaims, though he scarcely knows whether it rains or whether the sun shines.

"Yes," she answers. "Won't you—were you—will you come in?"

He follows her into the house with an intense longing for something, however dreadful, to happen to him and save him from what is to follow.

Ruth takes him into the dining room. He feels vaguely that his task is becoming more difficult. In the bare, chill little drawing room he could have said his say better. But she brought him straight into the sanctuary of her home, and again he feels oddly that her life lies open before him.

There is her work lying folded together. What a tiny thimble! He glances down at her small bare hands; she has taken off her ugly gloves. What a bit of a woman for a strong man to fight! What a gentle life to be marred and shattered by a bitter shame!

Still Mr. Stanford does not speak, but stands there before her, looking very pale. His back is to the window, and she cannot see his face well, but the light shines full upon hers.

"I did not show sister your letter," she begins hesitatingly. "I thought I had better wait—that perhaps you would change your mind, think differently about it all, and then it would be best that only we two should know."

She does not say a word about changing her own mind. She stands there before him, a sweet, fair woman in spite of her old fashioned gown and her oddly arranged hair.

She looks at him with smiling, steadfast eyes, and bids him take or leave her as pleases him best. And his courage to hurt, wound, perhaps kill her, fails him. In a moment his resolution is taken. He strides hastily forward.

"Ruth, do you love me?" he asks, holding out his hands. And the calm of her face breaks as she sinks into his arms.

"Oh, so much—so much!" she almost sobs. "But I am not worthy of you. You should marry some one ever, ever so much better and younger and prettier than I. Do you know," hiding her shamed face and confessing it as she would have confessed a sin, "I am thirty-three?"

"And I am thirty-four," he answers. Dreadful, isn't it?"

When Miss Jocelyn hears the news she goes away suddenly on a visit to some friends.

* * * * * * *

Three years have passed and Laura Jocelyn is older, sadder, wiser. She has loved and suffered and learned to sympathize with others. But she has never seen Mr. Stanford or his old maid wife again.

When she returned home the marriage was over and they were gone to his new living.

"This was the worst thing I ever did," she says sadly to herself. "I will go and confess, and tell him how sorry I am. What a horrible thing to have ruined two lives!"

So she goes on her penitent errand to the small town forty miles away. On getting out of the train she asks the way to the vicarage and walks there slowly.

A child's laugh startles her from her bitter musings, and she looks up and across the sweetbriar hedge that is in bloom at her side, for it is July again.

She sees but dimly an old fashioned garden, a quaint rambling house, for that is Mr. Stanford himself standing so close to her that she could almost touch him.

And who is that lady, that pretty little woman in the dainty gray gown, her fair, wavy hair knotted close to her head and her eyes shining with happiness?

With a gasp, Miss Jocelyn recognizes her. That is—no!—that was Ruth Blake.

"Now let him come to me," the little woman cries gayly. "Harry, you are spoiling the child. Let him come to his mother."

Ruth stoops down and holds out her arms, and a tiny figure in white rushes wildly a little distance toward her, and then totters unsteadily and finally sits down plump upon the grass, the performance being hailed with a shout of laughter from the father, echoed more softly by Ruth.

Under cover of their mirth, Miss Jocelyn steals away. She has received forgiveness unasked, and she has the sense to see that to apologize to either of these two happy, blessed people would be an impertinence.—Boston Globe.

Scientific and Classical Education.

What would be thought of a worldwide school of athletics which should bind up the right leg till it withered and became forever impotent, and make its graduates hop through life on the left? And what student of education could believe it possible that a new great culture would arise which should gravely bind up the left leg and make its men hop on the right? Yet that is what two systems of education are now doing.—Clarence King in Forum.

An Unpleasant Job.

Discharging a man for any cause is a duty that most employers dislike. To get around the disagreeable part of this obligation some men resort to subterfuge more or less ami le. For instance, a certain London fir had a letter form which is always used han this discharging had to be done. Here it is:

"Dear Sir—We regret that the conditions of our business will not permit us to avail ourselves of your valuable services after next Saturday."

Another large employer of labor told me he never discharged an employee.

"What, never!" I asked.

"Never," he repeated. "I always ask a man to resign, and if he doesn't resign I resign from the place of paymaster."

That reminded me of a foreman in a factory who was so soft hearted that he never could bring himself to dismiss a man in so many words. When it became necessary to get rid of a hand he used to send for the victim and address him thus:

"I'm sorry, William, but I lays you off for awhile."

"How long for?" is the usual question.

"Oh, I doan know—maybe six months—maybe a year—or two years—or ten years—I doan know."—Yankee Blade.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Mrs. Montague, who was convicted of fatal cruelty to her child, is described as the prettiest and most daring horsewoman in Ireland.

Mrs. Colonel Vivian, formerly Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, has very dark hair and eyes. As Miss Susan Endicott she was considered one of the prettiest brunettes in Boston.

Mrs. Grimwood, the heroine of Manipur, is a pretty and lovable looking young woman, whose chief charm of face is in its bright and winsome kindness. And she is as brave as she is pretty.

Mrs. Duncan Elliott, well known as one of the famous beauties of the social world, formerly Miss Sallie Hargous, has hair very dark, in fact, almost black. Her eyes are large, dark and lustrous.

Mrs. Charles S. Pelham Clinton is one of the most beautiful of the New York women. Her complexion is very dark, and her hair might be called jet black, while her eyes are of the same color.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, like nearly all the Hegeman family, of which she is a member, has black hair and black eyes. Her hair, of which she has great abundance, is worn on the back of her head coiled.

Mme. de Novikoff, who has attracted much attention by her labors in London in behalf of the oppressed Slavs of Turkey, is a Russian woman of high birth, the widow of General Novikoff, who was one of the bravest soldiers in the Servian-Turkish war.

John Brown's favorite daughter, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, is now dependent upon an aged and infirm husband, who is scarcely able to work, and their daughter, a girl of eighteen, is struggling through the Normal school at Los Angeles so as to support the family by her services as a teacher in time.

Mary A. Livermore attended not long ago a little gathering where Dr. Holmes and Whittier were present. The conversation turned upon ages, and the two great poets having confessed to their eightieth birthdays, Mrs. Livermore announced her approaching seventieth, when Mr. Whittier replied, "Get thee along, get thee along; thou art but a giddy girl."

THE TWENTY LARGEST LIBRARIES.

The Paris National library was founded in 1737 and contains 2,290,000 volumes.

The London British Musenm library was founded in 1753 and contains 1,500,000 volumes.

The St. Petersburg Imperial Public library contains 1,000,000 volumes.

The Munich Royal library contains 800,000 volumes.

The Berlin Royal library was founded in 1861 and has 750,000 volumes.

The library of congress at Washington was founded in 1802 and contains 565,150 volumes.

The Boston Public library was founded in 1852 and contains 520,508 volumes.

The Strasburg National library was founded in 1871 and has 513,000 volumes.

The Copenhagen Royal library was founded in 1793 and has 482,000 volumes.

The Darmstadt Grand Ducal library was founded in 1817 and has 450,000 volumes.

The Dresden Royal Public library has 450,000 volumes.

The Vienna Royal Public library was founded in 1495 and has 440,000 volumes.

The Stuttgart Royal Public library was founded in 1765 and has 425,000 volumes.

The Buda-Pesth National library was founded in 1802 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Florence National library was founded in 1861 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Gottingen Royal University library was founded in 1737 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Leipsic University library was founded in 1409 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Madrid National library was founded in 1711 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Oxford Bodleia library was founded in 1602 and has 400,000 volumes.

The Victor Emanuel library in Rome was founded in 1876 and contains 360,000 volumes.—Chicago Herald.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

The rabbit has never been known to freeze, says a scientist.

In South America there is a race of cats who do not know how to miauow.

In the Indus, Ganges and other streams are numerous fish eating crocodiles, which attain a length of more than twenty feet. Except when near their nests, and anxious to defend their eggs, they run away from human beings.

There is in the district of Oude a species of so called "walking fish" with snakelike heads, which are often seen floating on the water as if asleep. The people shoot them with crossbows. Usually they sink when they are killed, so that they have to be dived for afterward.

Humming birds are slain during the mating season, when the hues of the beautiful birds burns with most intense splendor. They are skinned alive, because it is only by skinning while the body still quivers and the blood is hot that the full vividness of color is preserved for the bonnets of womanhood.

On every horse will be found, on the inside of each foreleg, a dry, gray wart about the size of a silver dollar, apparently of no possible use. When the weary, overtaxed animal, sweating at every pore and covered with foam, can reach down and rub with his wet nose this always dry, hard substance, he is instantly refreshed with an odor like geranium.

POWDER AND BALL.

Since the Zulu war of 1880 British standards have not been taken into the field.

Wars during the last thirty-three years have cost 2,500,000 men and $8,000,000,000.

German military papers show that drunkenness in the German army is greatly increasing.

The United States will introduce smokeless powder into all branches of the service, and experiments in its manufacture are now going on.

The old as well as the new ships of the French navy are now being extensively supplied with the latest pattern of Canet rapid firing guns—considered the best yet produced, except the American Dashell gun. The latter, however, has not yet been issued to our navy.

The Germans hold that in the supply of ammunition in action the fundamental idea is that there can never be too much of it, and therefore every opportunity must be utilized before going into a fight to serve out as much as the men can carry in their pockets and haversacks as well as in their pouches.

Early Printing and Illustrating.

The first printing press in the United States began its civilizing work at Cambridge, Mass., in Harvard university in 1639. The first American made illustration, it is still believed, is in Tully's Almanac, of Boston, in 1698. The first American copper plate portrait published in this country was in Increase Mather's "Ichabod," published in 1703. The first three engravers were Paul Revere, Benjamin Franklin and Isaiah Thomas, who distinguished himself at the battle of Lexington.—New York Sun.

He Wanted an 'Orse.

An English visitor, stopping at a prominent New York hotel, sauntered up to the genial clerk during the recent cold snap and, adjusting his eyeglasses, said:

"My deah fellah, cawn't you let me have a sledge?"

"A sledge?"

"Yas."

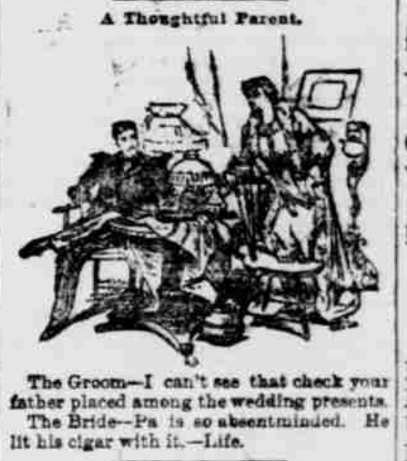
"John," said the clerk to the porter, "go to a blacksmith shop and get a sledgehammer for this gentleman."

"No, my deah fellah, I don't want a sledgehammer. I want one of those vehicles, you know—a sledge."

"You mean a sleigh. Why, certainly. John, go around to the stables and get a sleigh. Put in a couple of buffaloes."

"Biffaloes? But, my deah fellah, I can't drive a biffalo, ye know. Cawn't ye let me 'ave an 'orse?"—Texas Siftings.

A Thoughtful Parent.



The Groom—I can't see that check your father placed among the wedding presents.

The Bride—Pa is so absentminded. He lit his cigar with it.—Life.

One That Would Just Suit Him.

He drifted into the real estate agent's office, and after looking over the board on which were posted notices of various bargains he said:

"I notice that you advertise a number of large, roomy flats for rent at reasonable rates."

"Yes, sir," replied the affable clerk; "we have some fine ones in choice locations. How much would you be willing to pay?"

"Oh, well," said the inquirer, "it's not so much a question of price as it is of getting exactly the accommodations I want."

"Under those circumstances," asserted the clerk confidently, "I am satisfied that we can suit you. Now, there's a nice ten room flat with all"—

"Anything with only three rooms?" interrupted the inquirer.

"Three rooms!" echoed the clerk in astonishment.

"Three rooms," repeated the inquirer—"kitchen, dining room and bedroom. You might throw in a pantry and a closet, but that's all."

"But you said"—

"I said I wanted accommodations that would suit me. Look here, young man, I have a lot of out of town friends, and my wife has more. I don't care about the expense, but I want a flat such as I describe with a lease that will extend over World's fair year. Do I make myself plain?"

"Certainly, sir. If we had had the foresight we should have had we would have had hundreds of flats built for people in just your fix and made our everlasting fortune. As it is, we have one or two left that you couldn't squeeze an extra person into, but the rent is high and constantly going higher. Still, if you don't mind expense"—

He didn't, and a bargain was made.—Chicago Tribune.

Family Honor.

Brown's Boy—My fader licked a cop las' night.

Black's Boy—Pooh, yer needn't put on airs, Tommy Brown. My fader was de first prisoner to occupy a cell in de new jail.—Yankee Blade.

Bliss or Woe?

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts supremely blest,
A minister, a nuptial knot,
And—who can tell the rest?
—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.